

Johnnie Cope ; 894

To which are added,

Whistle o'er the lave o't,
My dear Highland Laddie, O,
The Maid in Bedlam.



STIRLING :

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JOHNNIE COPE.

Sir John Cope trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope are you walking yet ;
Or are you sleeping, I would wait,
O haste ye get up for the drums do beat :
O fy Cope rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
" Come fight me Charlie and ye daur ;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
" So Heaven restore me to my own,
I'll meet you Cope in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them gun and sword,

But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,
And Johnnie he tack wing in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John march'd to Preston town,
He says, ' My lads come lean ye down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns. and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skier,
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which feared him in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war,
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.

Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rade,
 Just as the devil had been his guide,
 O'er him the world he would na stay'd,
 To foughen the boys in the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 ● what's become of all your men?
 La faith says he, I dinna ken,
 I left them a' this morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, Ye are nae blate,
 To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate;
 Get out o' my sight this morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggy was my care;
 Heaven I thought was in her air,
 Now we're married—spier nae mair,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child;

Wiser men than me's beguil'd,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live—my Meg and me—
How we love and how we gree—
I dinna care how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish was maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Blythe was the time when he see't wi' my father O,
appy war the days when we herded thegither O,
Sweet war the hours when he row't me in his
plaidie, O,
An' vow't to be mine my dear Highland laddie, O.

But ah waes me! wi' their sodg'ring sae gaudy O,
ho laird wys't awa my braw Highland laddie, O,

Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy,
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland
 laddie, O.

The blae-berrie banks now are lonesome and
 dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clear-
 ly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly O,
 The wild-melting strains o' my dear Highland lad-
 die O.

He pu'd me the crawberry ripe frae the boggie fen
 He pu'd me the strawberry ripe frae the foggie gle
 He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae
 gaudy O,
 So loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie,
 Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O.
 Fareweel, ye kowes, row cheerless and scroggie, O.
 Fareweel Glenfeech my mammy and my daddie O
 I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

THE MAID IN-BEDLAM.

One morning very early,
 one morning in the spring,

I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 who mournfully sing.
 Her chains she rattled in her hand,
 while mournfully thus sang she,
 I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents,
 who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel cruel was the ship,
 that bore my love from me.
 Yet I love his parents since they're his,
 although they've ruin'd me;
 And I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers,
 to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
 around my love to fly;
 To guard him from all dangers,
 how happy my love to fly.
 For I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,
 I'll make it wondrous fine,

With roses lilies daisies,
 I'd mix the eglantine :
 And I'd present it to my love,
 when he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

○ if I was a little bird,
 to build upon his breast,
 Or if I was a nightingale,
 to sing my love to rest :
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes,
 all my reward should be,
 For I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

⊙ if I were an eagle,
 to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,
 where I my love might spy :
 But ah ! unhappy, maiden !
 that love you ne'er shall see,
 Yet I love my love, because I know,
 my love loves me.

FINIS.

